

# Follow the Light

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## jon skywalker

Star Wars

Complete



**Follow the Light**

**jon skywalker**

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## Table of Contents

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[Cover](#)  
[Title Page](#)  
[Copyright Information](#)  
[Table of Contents](#)  
[Summary](#)  
[Chapter 1](#)  
[Chapter 2](#)  
[Chapter 3](#)  
[Chapter 4](#)  
[Chapter 5](#)  
[Chapter 6](#)  
[Chapter 7](#)  
[Chapter 8](#)

## Summary

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### Description:

Anakin kills Palpatine instead of Windu that one night in the Chancellor's office. His secret wife, Padme, soon goes into labor. Will Anakin have to choose between the Jedi and his family?

# Chapter 1

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**In this fanfic, Anakin chooses to kill Palpatine instead of Mace Windu that night in the office. This is what would have happened afterwards.**

**I never understood the point of disclaimers. This is a fanfiction site, it's meant for people to making fictional stories about that movies/books that they are fans of. Oh well. I don't own Star Wars.**

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## CHAPTER ONE

Anakin was confused. Force, he was so confused.

He stood in the Supreme Chancellor's office. There were three dead Jedi Masters on the floor, the large window was shattered, and the wind was blowing through his hair and flapping through his robes.

In front of him, his old mentor and friend was lying on the floor. He was weakened from his duel with Mace Windu. He was pleading to Anakin; only Anakin could save him now.

The only thing on Anakin's mind right now was his wife: Padmé.

Padmé needed him. She needed him to protect her.

Palpatine could tell Anakin *how* to protect her. Anakin needed him.

But Mace Windu, a Jedi Master who has always mistrusted Anakin, was about to kill him.

Anakin knew his allegiance lied with the Republic. But *what should he do?*

*Palpatine is a Sith... But he can save Padmé...*

*Palpatine uses the Dark Side...*

*Palpatine is evil...*

*Palpatine must be stopped...*

*...But he can save Padmé.*

Anakin was plagued with indecision. Could he possibly have the strength to save his beloved without the interference of the Dark Side?

He shut his eyes real tight. He could still hear the lightning. Palpatine was dying...

He took a deep breath in, allowing the Force to flow through him.

With his eyes still shut, he ignited his lightsaber. The usual snap-hiss noise was drowned out by the sound of the Force lightning deflecting off Windu's lightsaber and onto Palpatine's wrinkling form.

Trusting the Force, Anakin swung his lightsaber.

The lightning noise was gone. Opening his eyes slowly, Anakin saw the chancellor lying on the floor, dead. He had just killed Palpatine.

Windu was panting.

“What have I done?” Anakin wailed, feeling a little weak as he gazed down at the dead form of Chancellor Palpatine.

He felt an arm on his shoulder. Anakin looked up and saw Mace Windu with an expression on his face that resembled a smile.

“You have saved the Republic.”

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Mace Windu sat in a small meditating room alone with Master Yoda. He had just finished telling his tale about the events in Palpatine’s office that occurred mere hours ago.

Yoda was still on Kashyyyk. Windu was conversing with the old Jedi Grand Master via a holographic transmission. Yoda was sitting in front of Windu, listening intently to his tale.

Yoda seemed to have a weary expression on his face, “Realized, our worst fears had been. Controlled by our own enemy, the Republic was.”

Windu nodded, “We should have listened to Master Kenobi. Three years ago, when he told us what Dooku said about Sidious having control of the Senate.”

Yoda sighed, “Came to assist you, young Skywalker did. Why?”

Windu frowned and contemplated for a moment. “I told him to wait for me in the Council chamber... Maybe... Maybe he sensed my trouble through the Force.”

Yoda nodded, “Possible.”

“You don’t seem too sure.” Windu commented.

Yoda nodded. “Meditate on this, I will. More to do with Skywalker, I sense there is.”

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After killing Palpatine, Anakin couldn’t think of anywhere else to go to but to his wife.

Anakin sat with his head in his hands. Padmé laid a hand on his shoulder, “You should be proud, not upset. You did a great deed. You ended the war and destroyed the Sith!”

“I also destroyed you.” Anakin muttered.

Padmé frowned, “What?”

Anakin sat up and took a deep breath, “Padmé, Palpatine had the power to save you.”

“Save me? Anakin, we already talked about this. I’m fine!”

Anakin shook his head, “If only...”

Padmé shook her head, angry that her husband wouldn't believe her, "Anakin, listen to me. If you would have received any teachings from Palpatine, it would have meant that you were accepting the ways of the Dark Side. There's a reason you never learned any such power from the Temple... It's not the Jedi way! What makes you so sure that such a power even exists?"

Anakin sighed, "I don't know..."

"You did the right thing, Anakin. Don't you ever forget that."

Anakin smiled at his wife, grateful that he had a love like hers. He wrapped an arm around her and bent his head down to share a long kiss with Padmé. She ran her fingers up to his hair, tugging on the long blonde locks.

Just then, Anakin's comlink beeped.

Padmé pulled away reluctantly, "You should get that."

Anakin sighed, "Fine..."

He took out his comlink and answered it. The image of Mace Windu—whom Anakin was with merely hours ago—appeared in a holographic form, "Anakin, please come to the Temple as soon as possible. We are holding an emergency council meeting."

Anakin nodded, "Yes, Master Windu."

With that, the transmission ended.

Anakin and Padmé stood up. With a final goodbye kiss, Anakin leapt back into his speeder.

Padmé waved her husband goodbye, and then reentered her home.

Threepio emerged from a nearby room, "Miss Padmé, had Master Anakin left already?"

Padmé nodded sadly.

"Oh," Threepio said, flustered, "I had hoped I could see Artoo before they left. Oh well, I will wait another time."

Just as Threepio was about to shuffle away, he heard a gasp come from behind. He quickly turned around and saw his mistress clutching at her large belly in pain.

Padmé was certain that her water just broke.

## Chapter 2

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A/N: Ok, so I'm sooo sorry for not updating any sooner. I had this whole schedule planned out, but then school got in the way. I litterally spent the last few days of my summer doing AP assignments. So Now after two months have passed, I'm going to have another shot at this. To those of you who also read my other fic "The Apprentice", I just want to inform you that I didn't forget about it! I just had some serious writer's block for that story. The truth is that I had half of this story already written out, but I wanted to wait until I had my other fic ready for updating so that I could update both stories at the same time. i realized that my other story was no where near ready, so I just decided to update this chapter anyway. I don't know, I'm just rambling now. I guess I'll stop. Sorry for the shortness of this chapter, but I promise to update MUCH sooner next time.

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### CHAPTER TWO

Threepio didn't know what to do. He was just a droid. The first thing he thought of was to comm Anakin Skywalker, but then he thought better of it. Master Skywalker had an important meeting with the Jedi High Council.

Suddenly, the speeder of Senator Organa of Alderaan appeared on Padmé's landing platform. Threepio shuffled out as quickly as he could to greet the Senator.

Bail jumped out of his speeder.

"Master Bail, it's so good to see you!" Threepio exclaimed.

Bail nodded, "Thank you, Threepio. Is Padmé still awake? Can I see her?"

Threepio nodded, "Right this way, Sir."

The golden droid led Bail to the living room, where Padmé was sitting on the couch looking very uncomfortable. She was beginning to have contractions.

"Padmé!" Bail exclaimed, happy to see his fellow senator.

Padmé smiled at seeing her friend. She began to stand up, and then whimpered in pain as she fell back to her seat.

Bail rushed to her side, suddenly worried. "What's wrong?"

"I—I think I need to go to a hospital."

Bail nodded quickly. He didn't ask any questions. Instead, he helped his friend stand up and led her to his speeder outside.

In a matter of minutes, they were soaring through Coruscant's night traffic, racing towards the nearest medcenter.

Padmé began to breathe heavily, her hand clutching her stomach.

Bail knew that Padmé was pregnant. He had always known. For the past couple of months, he held his suspicions. Padmé's belly would grow larger every week. Bail never said anything though. He thought it might come out rude. So he—along with Padmé's other colleagues—always kept his mouth shut.

Once they arrived at the medcenter, Bail called out for some help. He got Padmé into a hover chair and began running inside towards the front desk.

"Hurry!" Bail exclaimed, catching his breath, "This woman is giving birth!"

The nurse sitting at the desk suddenly stood up and took control of the hover chair, veering it towards the turbolift.

Another nurse approached Bail, "Are you a family member to the Senator?"

Bail shook his head, "I am just a friend."

The nurse bit her lip, "Well, we can't allow you to enter unless you are her family..."

"I don't think she has anyone else!" Bail cried.

The nurse raised an eyebrow, "Surely the father—"

"There is no one else! Just, please, let me go!" Bail pleaded.

The nurse sighed, and then motioned for Bail to follow her.

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The Jedi High Council was sitting in their usual seats in the Council chamber. They were discussing Palpatine's treachery and how Anakin had saved the day.

"Well, Anakin," Master Mundi began, "truly noble of you to stand up to the Sith Lord like that."

Anakin shrugged, his mind being elsewhere. "I allowed the Force to guide my decision."

Obi-Wan, who was sitting next to Anakin, smiled proudly.

Truthfully, Anakin couldn't sit through the meeting any longer. He had felt an uneasy disturbance through the Force. Padmé needed him...

None of the other masters on the council felt anything strange.

"I'm not sure how the Senate will take news of this." Mace Windu said, and Anakin immediately turned his attention back to what was at hand.

"We will need to find a deputy chancellor to run things until we can find a suitable candidate to smooth things out. Although the war maybe over, we still have a lot of messes to clean up." Windu continued.

"We still need to hold funerals for the three noble Jedi who lost their lives to the Sith." Shaak Ti said.

The other masters nodded in agreement.

The holographic form of Yoda spoke out, “To the Temple, tomorrow morning I shall be arriving. Late now, it is. Tomorrow morning, things will be discussed.”

With a simple nod from Mace Windu, Anakin knew the meeting was over.

Soon, Anakin rushed out of the room. He had to refrain himself from running down the vast corridors of the Temple.

He had to go find Padmé.

Unfortunately, Anakin was stopped by Obi-Wan.

Obi-Wan approached Anakin with a huge grin plastered on his face, “Anakin, you have no idea how proud I am of you. The Council feels a lot more comfortable with you now.”

“Why? I would have thought they’d kick me off the Council since the only reason I was on it in the first place was because of Palpatine.” Anakin retorted.

Obi-Wan smiled at him, “Well, now they may want you on it permanently.”

Anakin gave a small smile, “Thank you, Obi-Wan, for always believing in me.”

Obi-Wan patted his friend on the back, “Of course, Anakin.”

Anakin nodded at him, smiling, and then left.

Obi-Wan watched Anakin leave. He felt that his friend was very uncomfortable. Obi-Wan would have thought that Anakin would be boasting his usual ego since destroying the Sith. What was the matter with his old apprentice?

Obi-Wan bit his lip. It was wrong to follow him... He wasn't his Padawan anymore...

Yet Obi-Wan found himself getting into his speeder and following Anakin's Force signature anyway. His curiosity got the better of him.

# Chapter 3

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## CHAPTER THREE

Anakin ran into the living room of his wife's home in 500 Republica. Only a split-second after being in his and his wife's home, he realized she wasn't there.

He found his old droid shuffling into the room, "Master Ani, at last!"

"Where's Padmé, Threepio?"

"Oh, she was escorted to the medcenter by Senator Organa. It seems she is giving birth!"

But before Threepio could finish his sentence, Anakin was already out the door.

Once he arrived at the medcenter, Anakin ran to the information desk.

The nurse looked up at him, eyeing him suspiciously.

"Is there a Padmé Amidala here?"

The nurse nodded slowly, "Are you a family member?"

"Er," Anakin bit his lip, "I'm a very close friend."

The nurse stood up and looked at Anakin warily, "Aren't you Jedi Knight Anakin Skywalker?"

Anakin looked around the busy room, hoping no one heard the nurse. He looked back at the woman and nodded quickly, "I am. Now, could you please tell me where Senator Amidala's room is? I can find it myself."

The nurse knew she wasn't supposed to admit anyone who is non-family; but if a Jedi Knight requested to visit the Senator, it was hard for the nurse to say no.

After learning the whereabouts of his wife, Anakin ran to the nearest turbolift. He could feel Padmé's pain clearer than before. He hoped his nightmare wouldn't come true...

Once out of the turbolift, Anakin ran towards her room. He saw Bail Organa leaning against the wall, right outside her door. He immediately straightened up after seeing Anakin.

"Anakin?" Bail said, surprised.

Anakin gave a nod to the senator, "Senator, what happened?"

Bail realized that Anakin was good friends with Padmé, however he didn't know why Anakin had showed up to the hospital.

"I arrived at Padmé's home to give her news of the chancellor. I was just with Mon Mothma before I suddenly get a call from Master Windu about the whole ordeal. I must say, it's truly fascinating about what you've done. I'm very impressed, however very uncomforted by the fact that our leader was actually our worst enemy."

“It was a hard thing to do.” Anakin admitted.

He was growing impatient with just sitting outside and talking about the Sith Lord disguised chancellor. He wanted to know more about Padmé.

“What happened to Senator Amidala?” Anakin asked, afraid of the answer.

Bail nodded, “Of course, you probably want to know more about her, seeing that you’re here… Just when I arrived at her home, she seemed to be having contractions. I always suspected she was pregnant… So I immediately took her into my speeder and brought her here.”

Anakin smiled and nodded, resisting the urge to thank the senator. Why would a Jedi Knight thank the senator for merely helping out a mutual friend?

“Do you think I could go in and see her?” Anakin asked hesitantly.

Bail shrugged, “She was going through a rough time in there. I left the room to give her more privacy. I don’t think she would mind you, though.” Bail looked up at the Jedi suspiciously. He was unaware that Padmé and Anakin were so close. He almost thought it to be discourteous for a Jedi to accompany the senator’s labor. Bail mentally shrugged it off though. He figured that the senator had no one else here.

“I called Padmé’s family right after I arrived.” Bail said, “They are all the way on Naboo. They said they’d come as fast as they could, however I doubt they’ll be here in time to help Padmé.” Bail told Anakin.

Finally, Anakin couldn’t take it anymore. He palmed open the door and went in.

Padmé was lying on the bed, sitting upright. There were several pillows behind her. There was a doctor, a nurse, and a few med droids in the room. Anakin ignored them all and went to his wife’s side.

“Anakin!” She exclaimed. Her face was red and she was very sweaty.

Anakin knelt down on the floor next to the far side of her bed. He held one of her hands with both of his. She smiled at him, relieved that he was here.

The doctor came up to the two, “They’re coming.”

“They?” Anakin repeated.

Padmé smiled painfully, “They’re twins!”

Suddenly, Padmé’s contractions got worse.

“Just keep doing the breathing exercises I showed you!” The doctor exclaimed.

Padmé kept breathing heavily, her grip crushing Anakin’s hands.

Anakin tried to wipe away the sweat off Padmé’s forehead, “Almost there, Angel.”

Suddenly, Padmé cried out in pain. Anakin cringed.

The doctor smiled broadly, “Keep going, I see the baby!”

After a minute or so, the doctor had a small baby boy in her hands. She brought him up to the mother to see.

Padm   smile broadly, “Luke...”

The doctor handed the infant to the nurse who would clean the baby off.

Anakin smiled at his wife, “Did you see how small he was?”

Padm   nodded, still crying, “He—He had your eyes.”

The doctor, who had listened to that last statement, realized that the man who was staying with Senator Amidala—The Hero With No Fear—was the twins’ father.

The doctor bit her lip. She brushed her long, black hair out of her face and prepared for the next baby to come. But she couldn’t help but wonder... Was Anakin Skywalker really the father to Padm   Amidala’s children?

She looked at the couple. They were oblivious to the doctor’s wonderings.

Suddenly, the next baby started to come.

After a few moments of pushing, the doctor held a baby girl in her arms. She brought it to the mother.

“Leia...” Padm   smiled, wiping away stray tears.

Anakin stood up, smiling at the small girl in Padm  ’s arms. Tears threatened to fall from his eyes.

The nurse who had taken Luke away finally came back. She had the young boy covered in a cozy light blue wrapping. The nurse handed the boy to Anakin, seeing that Padm   had her hands full.

Padm   reluctantly gave Leia to the nurse. While their daughter was away, Anakin and Padm   observed over Luke.

“This is a miracle.” Anakin breathed.

After a few minutes, Leia was brought out once more and given to Padm  . She was wrapped in a similar looking cloth, however it was light pink instead of blue.

Anakin sat in a small couch near Padm  ’s bed, holding Luke. Each of them sat in silence for a moment, basking in their treasures.

Anakin was so overwhelmed with his new wonders, he completely forgot about how Padm   was destined to die in childbirth. It seemed that everything Palpatine had offered was fruitless. There was no need to save a living person.

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I hope I can updates this story a lot quicker now. I finally updated my other story, “The Apprentice” after a couple months of writer’s block. Hopefully this means I can continue on with my stories. I guess it will be kind of hard since I’m so busy. I wish it was summer again...

## Chapter 4

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### CHAPTER FOUR

Obi-Wan arrived at the medcenter. He skipped the information desk and headed straight towards the turbolift. He was a Jedi Master, no one would question him.

He followed Anakin's Force signature. Once the turbolift landed on the right floor, he exited and walked down the hallway. The corridor was cluttered with family members of random patients. He also heard many babies cry. Was this the maternity floor?

Obi-Wan stumbled across the Alderaani senator. "Senator Organa?" Obi-Wan asked, surprised.

Bail, who had been sitting down on a bench in the corridor, rose to shake hands with the Jedi Master. "Master Kenobi, I guess you've heard?"

"Heard what?" Obi-Wan asked.

"Heard about Padmé." Bail smiled, "She just gave birth. The nurse said that she would admit me any minute now."

Obi-Wan stared at the senator, shocked.

"I'm guessing you haven't heard?" Bail assumed.

Obi-Wan shook his head slowly.

"Ah." Bail nodded, "How are you here then? You followed Anakin?"

Obi-Wan nodded sheepishly, "Is he here?"

"He's inside."

Obi-Wan frowned, "I've realized that Anakin and Padmé have a close relationship, but..."

Bail nodded, "I know. I didn't want to intrude while she was in labor, but I guess Anakin felt he was a lot closer to her. I tried contacting her family. It would help if I knew who the father was."

Obi-Wan nodded, unable to say anything.

The doctor who had been tending to Padmé finally emerged through the doors. She smiled at the two men.

"Senator Organa... Master Kenobi... It's such a pleasure to have all these important people in my presence. I feel honored!" The young doctor blushed.

Obi-Wan chuckled, "Is Anakin in there?"

The doctor nodded, "Along with Padmé and their twins."

“Twins?” Both Obi-Wan and Bail exclaimed. Neither of them noticed that the doctor accidentally said ‘their’ twins.

The young doctor nodded, smiling. She stepped aside to allow the two men to enter the chamber.

They walked in cautiously.

What Obi-Wan saw was unbelievable to him. There was his former Padawan, holding an infant in his arms and sitting on a couch. The senator was still in the bed. She seemed exhausted; her hair was askew and she had bags under her eyes. She, too, was holding an infant.

Padm   looked up and smiled at the Jedi Master and senator.

“Bail! Obi-Wan!”

Suddenly, Anakin’s face shot up at the sound of his old master’s name.

Bail walked over to Padm   and looked down at the young girl in her arms, “It seems I got you here just in time.”

Padm   beamed at him, “What would I have done if you hadn’t come to my help? Thank you...”

Bail chuckled.

Obi-Wan made his way towards Anakin. He sat next to him on the couch.

Anakin nervously smiled at Obi-Wan, “I felt that the senator was unwell, I had to come see if she was alright.”

Obi-Wan nodded. He looked down at the bundle of joy in Anakin’s arms. A smile crossed his lips.

He looked up at Padm  , “What are their names?”

“Luke and Leia.” Padm   answered, beaming.

Bail smiled, “Beautiful names for beautiful children.”

Padm   chuckled.

Obi-Wan stood to get a better look at Leia who was in Padm  ’s arms. “She already has so much hair.”

Bail chuckled, “Is she going to have extravagant hairstyles like her mother?”

Padm   grinned, “I’m counting on it.”

“What about Luke?” Bail continued, “Will he live up to your status?”

Padm   chuckled, “Whatever they choose to do in life is fine by me.”

Anakin gave Luke to Padm   so that now she had a child on each of her arms, “You’ll be a wonderful mother, Padm  .”

Padmé looked up at Anakin with tears glistening in her eyes, “Thank you, Anakin. For everything.”

Anakin nodded, smiling.

“I contacted your family.” Bail informed, “I hope that’s okay. I didn’t know what else to do.”

Padmé bit her lip; she had never really told her family about her secret marriage or pregnancy. “Thank you, Bail. Were they shocked?”

Bail bit his lip apologetically, “A little. I’m sorry; I didn’t know that you hadn’t told them.”

Padmé shook her head, “It’s fine. You did the right thing. Thank you. I should have told them earlier myself...”

Obi-Wan tapped his fingers against a nearby nightstand. He was contemplating over to bring the topic up or not...

“Excuse me if I’m overstepping my boundaries, Padmé, but why did you leave your pregnancy secret?”

Padmé sighed, “Truthfully, I hoped I could have the baby back on Naboo. I didn’t want it to be subject to any scrutiny. I thought I could keep my baby safer on Naboo, away from all of the politics and war.”

Obi-Wan nodded, “Of course. That’s reasonable.”

“I’m guessing you don’t want to tell anyone about this just yet.” Bail realized.

Padmé smiled at him, “You’re right.”

Bail nodded, “If you ever need anything Padmé, Breha and I would be happy to help. Breha is coming over to stay on Coruscant with me for a couple of days. Don’t forget, we live in the same building.”

Padmé chuckled, “Of course, thank you Bail.”

Bail bid farewell to the new mother and two Jedi and then went on his way.

Obi-Wan smiled at the twins one last time. He looked over at Anakin, “Shall we?”

Anakin took a deep breath. He glanced between Obi-Wan and Padmé. *This is my chance*, he thought. *This is my chance to let him know the truth...*

Anakin opened his mouth, and just as he was about to say it, Padmé’s doctor walked in.

“Padmé, the twins need to be fed now.”

Padmé looked up at the doctor, “Oh, of course.”

Anakin mentally kicked himself.

“Let’s go, Obi-Wan.” Anakin said, trying not to let his voice reveal how he was feeling inside. He wanted to stay with Padmé and his twins. He took one last look at Padmé. She seemed sad to see him go.

No, not sad. More like, heart-broken.

Was this how it was going to be for the rest of their lives? Hiding? Wasn't Anakin going to do something—anything—to fix it? Didn't he care enough to sacrifice his job as a Jedi for a chance to live with his family?

He couldn't keep the words from coming out of his lips, "Thank you for letting us in here, Doctor."

The young doctor smiled at the Jedi, "No problem."

Anakin followed Obi-Wan out of the maternity wing. He followed him out to his speeder.

His thoughts wouldn't escape him. He couldn't live a lie anymore...

He sat in the pilot seat of his yellow speeder. Obi-Wan sat beside him. "What's the matter, Anakin?"

Anakin didn't look in Obi-Wan's direction. He wasn't going to be able to see the disappointed look on his old master's face when he told him the truth.

"You seem like you didn't want to leave back there." Obi-Wan continued.

"I didn't." Anakin said, staring off into space in front of him, the speeder wasn't even moving yet.

Obi-Wan smiled softly, "I understand, those twins were adorable. You didn't want to leave Padmé's children."

"No." Anakin said, making his decision. "I didn't want to leave *my* children."

## Chapter 5

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### CHAPTER FIVE

Obi-Wan just stared at Anakin, not displaying any emotion.

After what felt like an hour, Anakin slowly turned his head to see his old master's expression.

Obi-Wan just stared at him. He wasn't surprised, or angry, or confused, or happy. He just *stared* at Anakin.

"Please say something." Anakin said quietly.

Obi-Wan turned his head to face the front of the speeder. He adjusted his sitting position to a more comfortable place. He expelled a deep breath, as if he was exhausted.

"Anakin..."

Anakin turned to face the front of the speeder once again, not being able to look at Obi-Wan.

"What are you going to do?" Obi-Wan said at last.

Anakin frowned, "Aren't you going to say something along the lines of *Anakin, why did you do it?* Or, *Anakin what were you thinking?* Or—"

"No," Obi-Wan interrupted, "It would not make sense to dwell on the past. Just... What are you going to do? You have to tell the Council."

Anakin nodded, "I know."

Obi-Wan nodded and then just sat in his seat for a moment. "Anakin, I *did* come here in my own speeder... So I don't necessarily need a ride back to the Temple."

"What are you saying?" Anakin frowned.

Obi-Wan opened the passenger door and stepped out. He looked at Anakin, "You should probably go back in."

Anakin almost wanted to smile. He leaped out of the speeder and gave Obi-Wan a thankful bow of his head. Then he ran back to the medcenter.

Obi-Wan just chuckled and shook his head, heading back to his own speeder.

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Padmé had just finished trying to feed both of her children. She had Leia in her arms while Luke was being rocked by the young doctor that had come to be Padmé's friend.

"I can't begin to express how thankful I am for you, Beatrice." Padmé beamed as she saw her companion rocking her son, "I can't believe how lucky I was to find a doctor that could

keep my secret.”

The doctor smiled, snuggling Luke, “Being a mother myself, I know how it’s important for you to protect your babies. And my job as a doctor is to keep any information about the patient a secret.”

Padmé smiled, “I know people in the Senate always look at me questionably, but no one ever dares to ask. I wore strange dresses to hide my growing belly.” She laughed at the memory. “It was so scary though. I knew I had to find a doctor once I started to grow abnormally large. I would have never imagined I would have twins.”

Padmé reminisced about the entire ordeal. Now thinking about it, she was amazed she went through the whole thing without her parents or Anakin. “To be honest, I wanted to have the twins on Naboo. Out of the drama here on Coruscant.”

Beatrice nodded, “I suppose the stress about your job called for a somewhat premature birth. No matter, though. They are very healthy.”

Padmé nodded grimly, “I guess you have heard then?”

The doctor nodded, “I was actually very surprised when I saw Anakin Skywalker himself—the hero of the whole fiasco—showed up here!”

Padmé chuckled, “Anakin and I are close friends.”

The doctor nodded, a smile slowly etching on her lips. *Very close friends.*

Padmé looked down at Leia in her arms. This new sensation of being a mother was overwhelming for Padmé. If only their father could be here to experience it...

As if on cue, the door slid open and in walked none other than the father himself.

Padmé grinned from ear to ear.

Beatrice smiled and stood up. She handed Luke over to Anakin, “I need to go talk to a nurse for a moment, excuse me.”

Anakin smiled and took his son to cradle in his arms.

Right after the door shut behind the doctor, Padmé squealed, “Oh, Anakin! What ever happened?”

Anakin sighed and shook his head. He carried his son over to the sofa and sat down.

“I told him.”

“And? What did he say?”

Anakin bit his lip, “Not much. Actually, he barely said anything. He indicated no form of emotion or reaction to the ordeal. All he said was that I must confront the council, which I was going to do soon anyway.”

Padmé nodded, “Of course.”

“Master Yoda said he would be arriving to the Temple in the morning. We will hold another Council meeting then. I guess I’ll tell them at the meeting.”

Padmé sighed. She observed her husband. He was looking down at Luke in his arms. He was smiling and snuggling him. Padmé beamed. Anakin set Luke down in his lap and continued to watch over him. Padmé felt a pang of sorrow. Did Anakin ever see his son as a Jedi? *Anakin had always dreamed of being a Jedi, ever since he was very little...* Padmé closed her eyes and took a deep breath. What would the future hold for them? What would the Council do to Anakin? Would they let him keep his family? Would they split him away from them?

Padmé knew that this was not the time to hold such thoughts. This was supposed to be a happy time. This was the night that terror ceased throughout the galaxy, and the night that two wonderful individuals were brought into the world. Her children...

---

Dawn was peeking through the window shutters.

Padmé groggily opened her eyes. She sat up and took notice of her surroundings. Anakin was still sitting on the couch with an arm propped up on the arm rest and his head resting on his fist. His eyes were shut so Padmé figured he was still sleeping. Luke and Leia were in their separate cribs, each soundly asleep.

Padmé saw a glass of water on a nearby nightstand and realized she was thirsty. She stretched her arm, but to no avail. She tried swinging her legs over the bed to get up, but Anakin shot up from his seat and prevented her from standing.

“What are you doing?”

“I just wanted a drink.”

Anakin shook his head, as if he disapproved. He walked over to the nightstand and grabbed the glass to give it to Padmé.

“Next time, just call *me* to do it.”

Padmé rolled her eyes and took the glass, “I’m not some weak woman, Ani.”

Anakin chuckled, “Okay, okay. I know.”

Padmé sat back in her bed with her glass of water and Anakin sat back in the sofa.

“So now what?” Padmé asked, taking a sip.

Anakin shrugged, “When are you allowed to leave?”

“Soon, I hope.” Padmé said.

There was a knock on the door.

“Come in!” Padmé answered.

The door opened, and one of the nurses that was present at Padmé’s labor entered.

“Good morning, Senator.”

Padmé smiled at the nurse, “Good morning. Is everything alright?”

The nurse glanced down at a datapad in her hands, “Everything is splendid. You may be able to leave by this afternoon according to the records left by your obstetrician.”

“That’s great!” Padmé cheered, “Where did she go?”

The nurse shrugged, “Not sure, maybe she’ll drop by before you leave.”

Padmé nodded, and then the nurse left.

Anakin clapped his hands together, “Well, time to feed the children!”

Padmé laughed.

---

Padmé was packing up the last of her things. Anakin had gone back to her apartment earlier and brought back some fresh change of clothes. He also managed to get his hands on two infant seats for the twins for the speeder ride home.

“Is that everything?” Anakin asked.

Padmé nodded, “However, I never saw the doctor again. But the nurse said I was able to go.”

“Good enough.” Anakin determined.

Once everything was situated, the family went out to the speeder.

The twins proved to be very behaved children. They didn’t cry when they were strapped in their chairs. Anakin and Padmé smiled at their efforts and then sat in their own seats at the front of the speeder.

After activating the vehicle, Anakin effortlessly maneuvered the speeder through midday Coruscanti traffic.

“What ever happened to the Council meeting you were supposed to have this morning?” Padmé wondered.

Anakin shrugged. In all honesty, he forgot all about it. His family had occupied all of his thoughts, and for a few hours he thought of himself as a father—not a Jedi.

“Maybe Master Yoda had to delay his return for something.” Padmé suggested.

“Maybe.” Anakin agreed.

The speeder soon reached their home at 500 Republica. Anakin and Padmé brought the twins inside. Artoo, who had been in Anakin’s speeder all this time, rolled out to find his droid companion.

Threepio came shuffling out to see if he could assist with anything, “Oh my! You had twins!”

Padmé chuckled, “Yes, Threepio.”

The two droids came closer to have a better look, “What are their names?” Threepio asked.

“Luke and Leia.” Anakin answers, “Threepio, do we have any cribs?”

Padmé bit her lip, “I had not thought that far ahead. Wow, I’m proving to be a great mother so far.” She said, her voice dripping with sarcasm.

Anakin smiled, “It’s fine. We can order some cribs from some baby place or something.”

Padmé chuckled, “Some baby place or something? Okay.” She went to the HoloNet.

Anakin laid the two infants on a soft sofa in the living room.

Fifteen minutes later, Padmé returned. “I ordered a few things for them. The store I ordered from has an emergency delivery system, so the cribs should be arriving very soon.”

Anakin raised an eyebrow, “An emergency delivery system?”

Padmé shrugged, “Don’t ask *me!* Besides, you never know when you might have a baby emergency. Maybe you ran out of diapers or something.”

Anakin laughed, “Coruscant is so weird.”

Padmé laughed along, “Oh well, maybe we will just end up moving back to Naboo anyway.”

Anakin nodded, his laughter dying. *Maybe we will just end up moving back to Naboo anyway... If I am expelled from the Order.*

Padmé saw the look on Anakin’s face. She took his real hand into hers and pressed it against her cheek, “Everything will be okay.”

Anakin nodded, lifting his prosthetic hand up to caress her other cheek. “Everything will be more than okay, because nobody is going to come between me and my family anymore.”

---

So I figured I’d be nice and update this story a lot quicker than I usually do. Maybe it’s because it’s the holiday season and I am feeling jolly (and have more time on my hands). I stayed up all night tonight trying to finish this chapter because I wanted to update it simultaneously with my other fic, *The Apprentice*. I know it sounds like I’m just winging it with this story because I literally waited until the last minute to write it, but don’t worry because I know how this story will play out. I actually started a sequel-thing story that is supposed to occur at the same time of this fic, however it would be more in the sense of Padme’s point of view and this fic would be directed more towards Anakin’s. But after much thought, I just combined the two stories. No sense in making things more confusing. But someday I DO plan to make a sequel to this story to show how I imagine the twins would grow up with both of their parents. It will probably just be a series of one-shots, but who knows? Oh well, I’m done rambling on for now. Have a great New Year!

## Chapter 6

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### CHAPTER SIX

Padmé and Anakin were still working on the living quarters of their new children.

They had decided to give Luke and Leia separate rooms; in that case, if either one of them were to cry in the middle of the night, he or she wouldn't wake the other twin up.

Padmé was standing in the doorway to Luke's room. She had her hand up to her chin, studying the room intently.

Anakin came up from behind carrying a box filled with bed sheets.

"I still can't decide where to keep the crib..." Padmé told her husband.

From the doorway of Luke's room, one could see the bustling city of Coruscant from the balcony fixated on the opposite wall. There was a bed on the right and a refresher on the left.

Anakin sighed and laid the box on the floor, "I told you, we can keep the bed where it is. We'll just put the crib next to the 'fresher."

Padmé bit her lip, "But it would be cramped."

Anakin groaned, "That's how we did it in Leia's room!"

Padmé tilted her head, studying the room, "Leia's room was... slightly more... *spacious*."

Anakin threw his hands up in defeat, "Do what you want, Padmé."

"Where are the twins?" Padmé asked after a moment.

"Leia is sleeping and Luke is downstairs with Threepio."

Padmé sighed, "Anakin, my parents are going to be here any minute now."

Anakin nodded, "I have to leave soon anyway. I'm going to the Temple for a Council meeting."

"Are you going to tell them about us?" Padmé asked.

Anakin nodded, "It'll be fine."

Padmé engulfed Anakin in a hug, "I hope so."

---

After Anakin left, Padmé went downstairs to feed her son. She was sitting on the couch, her son in her lap. She was simply contemplating life. What was going to happen to her? What was going to happen to her family?

Before she could think anymore, the doorbell rang.

Padmé went to answer the door, carrying her infant son.

As the door slid open, it revealed Ruwee, Jobal, and Sola Naberrie.

“Padmé?” Padmé’s mother asked, her voice filled with shock and eyes widened.

Padmé’s father seemed to be equally shocked. Sola, however, had a huge grin plastered on her face.

She stepped in the apartment, “Oh my goodness!” She took Padmé’s son right from her arms.

Padmé sighed.

The family walked into the living room, with the baby boy in Sola’s arms. She was snuggling him.

Jobal and Ruwee walked in, staring at Padmé strangely.

“What’s going on, Padmé?” Her mother asked, “All of a sudden, the news is filled with all sorts of things. Palpatine is dead, you gave *birth*?”

“Padmé, we didn’t even know you were pregnant!” Padmé’s father said, hurt.

Padmé sighed, “I’m sorry mother... father... I-I couldn’t.”

“You couldn’t tell us? Why not?” Jobal demanded.

“Who’s the father?” Ruwee asked suspiciously.

Padmé closed her eyes, exhausted.

“He’s so adorable! I’ve always wanted a boy!” Sola said happily, not paying attention to her family’s conversation. “What’s his name?”

Padmé smiled tiredly, “Luke.”

“Ah, Luke!” Sola exclaimed, nuzzling her nephew. “I vow to love him forever! What’s his last name?”

Padmé frowned, “Amidala.”

“Where’s his birth certificate?” Ruwee demanded.

“I don’t have one... yet.” Padmé bit her lip.

“Padmé, how long was this a secret? Nine months?” Jobal said, “Do you know what people will begin saying? You’re unfit to hold the position of senator! They’ll think you’re irresponsible, having an illegitimate child!”

“He is not an illegitimate child!” Padmé insisted.

“Again, who is the father?” Ruwee asked.

“My husband!” Padmé said strongly.

“You’re married too?” Jobal asked, flabbergasted.

“Mother, I can’t...” Padmé moaned.

“You can’t tell us? What is going on?” Jobal asked.

“Who is this man?” Ruwee demanded.

“Father, please!” Padmé cried.

“Is there a crib for him?” Sola asked happily, oblivious to the family’s fighting.

Padmé sighed, “Upstairs in his room.”

“Aw...” Sola smiled. She went upstairs with Padmé closely following behind. Ruwee and Jobal glanced at each other and then sighed and followed their daughters upstairs.

Sola found and went into Luke’s new room which had simply been an empty room before. She located the crib and laid the infant in it. She smiled down at the baby, “He was falling asleep in my arms... He’s the most gorgeous baby I’ve ever seen. *I want a boy now!*”

Padmé smiled at her older sister and then glanced down at her son, “He almost never falls asleep unless someone is holding him.”

Sola chuckled, “Oh, a spoiled child. Don’t let this up or then he will never leave you alone.”

Jobal watched her grandson and then looked at Padmé, “Let us stay with you for a few weeks, to help you take care of Luke and everything.”

Padmé looked up at her mother hopefully, “Would you really?”

Sola clapped her hands together, “Of course! Dad will probably have to go back to work, though.”

Ruwee nodded, “I’ll have to get back after a couple days. But, Padmé, this isn’t good. We need to straighten things out.”

“Believe me, Dad, I am.” Padmé answered, “I am waiting for something—a comm call perhaps—that will change my life forever. I just need to—”

Padmé was interrupted by the burst of crying coming from the other room. “Leia...” Padmé muttered.

Sola widened her eyes, “There’s *two*?”

The Naberries followed Padmé into the next room and watched her pick up an infant girl.

“You had *twins*?” Jobal cried.

“Oh my...” Sola muttered.

Padmé held the baby girl in her hands, ignoring her flustered parents.

“Padmé, why couldn’t you tell us? You knew we’d find out eventually!” Jobal cried.

Padmé sighed and gave her daughter to Sola, whom was holding her arms out eagerly.

“Padmé...” Jobal began.

“What?” Padmé snapped.

Jobal didn’t say anything.

“Look, mother,” Padmé began, “I know it was wrong to keep this from you, but I had no other choice. I promise, once everything is figured out, I will tell you everything.”

“Once *what* is figured out?” Ruwee asked.

“Padmé, please, just tell us what is going on.” Sola said.

“Are you afraid someone might be after your children?” Ruwee asked.

Padmé frowned, “No, why would you say that?

Ruwee shrugged, “It is not uncommon for a senator’s children to be kidnapped for a ransom.”

Padmé rolled her eyes, “That is the least of my worries right now.”

Before Ruwee could respond, the ringing tone of Padmé’s comlink sounded.

Padmé was about to set Leia down until Ruwee shook his hand, “I’ll get it.”

Ruwee went down the flight of stairs to the main room and found Padmé’s comlink on the sofa. He picked it up and glanced at the caller ID. It read “Anakin Skywalker.”

Ruwee frowned. He knew that Padmé and Anakin were friends, but what was so important that Anakin had to call Padmé at such a late hour?

Ruwee answered the comm, “Hello?”

There was a pause at the other line, “Is Senator Amidala there?”

“She is occupied at the moment.” Ruwee replied, “Can I take a message?”

“Oh, uh, yes.” Anakin stuttered on the other side of the line, “Do you mind telling me who I’m speaking with?”

“I’m Padmé’s father.” Ruwee said.

The line on the other end was silent for a moment, “Hello, Mr. Naberrie. Could you please just tell the Senator that Anakin Skywalker needs to talk to her?”

“It would be my pleasure.” Ruwee said, not able to shake off the feeling that something suspicious may be going on.

“Thank you. It was a pleasure speaking with you.”

“You too, Master Skywalker.” Ruwee said just before ending the call.

Ruwee went back upstairs, thinking hard.

He entered Leia’s room, which happened to be directly adjacent to Luke’s.

Jobal was standing near the window with Leia in her arms and rocking her to sleep. Sola and Padmé were just standing next to the empty crib, conversing. They looked up once their father entered the room.

“Who was it?” Padmé asked.

Ruwee scratched the top of his head, “Uh, Anakin Skywalker.”

Padmé’s eyes almost popped out of her skull, but then she quickly regained composure. “I see.”

Ruwee frowned at his daughter, “He asked me to tell you to call him. What do you think he wants?”

Padmé bit her lip, “Probably wants to see how I’m doing. I mean, we *are* friends.”

“Just friends?” Sola asked skeptically, remembering the time three years ago when Anakin and Padmé showed up at the Naberrie house. At the time, Padmé needed protecting by Anakin from a mysterious assassin. But now...

“Yes, just friends.” Padmé said in a completely mono-tone voice, “We were both greatly affected by Palpatine’s deception, so we thought we could try to get through it together.”

Ruwee nodded. *That makes sense*, he thought. “So tell us more about what happened, since you seem to know so much.”

Padmé rolled her eyes. She went over to sit on the full-sized bed that was in Leia’s room. Sola followed suit. Ruwee sat in a rocking-chair near the crib. Jobal continued rocking the baby, but moved her attention over to her youngest daughter.

“Well,” Padmé said, unsure of how to begin. “The truth is, it all started with Anakin...”

Padmé told a very censored story, starting from the very beginning. She started with the kidnapping of Chancellor Palpatine. She told them all about how he was a Sith in disguise, and how Anakin had discovered this and reported it to the Jedi Council.

“Anakin confided all of this information with me before he went to the Council.” Padmé said. She couldn’t tell her parents about what Anakin had *actually* come to her about. When Anakin learned about Palpatine’s treachery, the first thing that came to his mind was to tell Mace Windu. But then, he was afraid that if he told Windu, Windu might kill him. Anakin came to Padmé first.

Padmé paused for a moment, remembering the entire ordeal...

*Anakin’s speeder just landed on the platform. Padmé rushed out as quickly as she could. He ran over and embraced her. If only they could remain like this forever, they both thought.*

“What’s going on, Anakin?” Padmé asked, *unable to shake the feeling that something terrible was about to happen.*

*Anakin looked down on the ground. His arms fell from around Padmé to his sides.*

“It’s the Chancellor...”

*She looked at up him. The expression on his face was distressed.*

“He’s a Sith. Not just any Sith... He’s the one behind this whole entire war...”

*Her jaw fell. Palpatine? No...*

*“Anakin,” Padmé said, my voice shaking, “What are you going to do?”*

*Anakin shook his head, “I don’t know… I need to tell Master Windu.”*

*She nodded, “What will you say?”*

*Anakin took a deep breath, “The same thing I told you, I suppose.”*

*Padmé nodded again, “Be careful, Anakin.”*

*Anakin frowned, “What do you mean?”*

*Padmé pursed her lips. Anakin frowned, did she know something? The only reason Anakin was holding back from telling Windu about Palpatine was because of Padmé.*

*“Just…” Padmé said, unsure of what she wanted to say. “Just be careful.”*

*“You already said that.” Anakin said with a hint of a smile on his face.*

*Padmé rolled her eyes, “Ani, I’m being serious. Palpatine is bad, I can feel it. None of the other senators are happy with him. And if what you are saying is true, then you must stop him. He’s been in office too long.”*

*“But he has the power to save you, Padmé.” Anakin said quietly.*

*Padmé stared at Anakin for the longest time, “I don’t want to be saved by a Sith. I’d rather die.”*

*Anakin just stared at his wife, not revealing any inner emotions. He took a deep breath.*

*They didn’t say much to one another after that. Anakin had to go on his way.*

*Padmé saw him later that night when he came to tell her about what he had done, and how Mace Windu had told him he saved the republic. She had never been more proud of her Jedi husband.*

*And then much later that night, she gave birth.*

*“Padmé?” Sola said, noticing her sister was quiet for some time now.*

*Padmé shook her head. She looked around the room. Everyone was looking at her, expecting her to continue with her story.*

*“Well, Anakin told me about Palpatine, I told him he had to tell the Council. So he did.”*

*“Then what?” Ruwee asked.*

*“Then Mace Windu and a couple of other Jedi went up to Palpatine’s office to arrest him. Anakin was right though, Palpatine was a Sith. He killed all the other Jedi except Windu.”*

*Jobal stopped rocking Leia in her arms.*

*Sola covered her mouth.*

*Ruwee frowned, “He killed them all?”*

*Padmé nodded sadly, “Kit Fisto, Agen Kolar, and Saesee Tiin. Anakin came just in time before Windu was slain.”*

Jobal let out a deep sigh and raised her eyebrows, “Wow...”

Sola nodded, “What a hero” she chuckled.

Padmé rolled her eyes, “Yes, well that’s all that happened.”

Ruwee raised an eyebrow, “That’s *all*?”

Padmé nodded. She hated lying to her family.

Jobal went back to rocking Leia, “Well what about the twins?”

Padmé nodded, “Well, Bail came over later that night. He was in the Executive Building at the time when it happened. He was in his own office though. He rushed over here to tell me, but then... Well, I started going into labor. He took me to the hospital as quickly as he could.”

Jobal smiled, “I’ve always liked him. How is his wife? Is she still ill?”

Padmé nodded ruefully, “I love Breha so much, but I’m so scared for her.”

Jobal nodded, pursing her lips.

Sola went over next to her mother. She beamed down at baby Leia. “She has such beautiful hair. Why is it so thick? Luke has barely any!”

Padmé smiled, “Luke is blonde.”

Sola squealed, “I love blonde boys!”

Jobal frowned, “We don’t have any blonde people in our family... Padmé, please, *who* is the father?”

Padmé just took a deep breath and ignored the question.

---

**So this chapter focused more on Padme. Not much happened I guess, now that I think about it... It was mostly just character development or whatever you want to call it. The next chapter will probably be more Anakin-oriented and plot-forming. Sorry it took forever to update! I wanted to update this story the same time I updated my other fic, The Apprentice. I don’t want it to sound like I’m advertising my other story or anything... but that’s basically what I’m doing. You should check it out! Hopefully I’ll be updating more frequently from now on :)**

## Chapter 7

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### CHAPTER SEVEN

*A little earlier...*

Anakin made his way over to the Jedi Temple. This was it. It was the moment of truth when he was going to come clean about everything.

He went up to the High Council Chamber. All the Masters were already seated. However instead of Anakin going over to sit in his own seat, he stood in the middle, facing Master Yoda.

Yoda frowned, “Something to say, you have?”

Anakin nodded solemnly.

The masters seated all around the room were confused, except for Obi-Wan. He just looked at Anakin with a small smile of approval, happy that his former Padawan was going to take responsibility for his actions.

On the other hand however, the other Masters already knew something was fishy. It had been a little more than a day since Anakin had heroically saved the Republic by destroying the Sith, Mace Windu had said it himself. If they knew Anakin, they would have thought that he would be basking in the attention of all the praises being thrown at him. The media went nuts after that night, and Anakin Skywalker was surprisingly nowhere to be seen.

Anakin was the Hero With No Fear. He was the poster boy for the Republic army during the Clone Wars. Why wouldn’t he be there to celebrate with the billions of other citizens?

Yes, there was definitely something odd.

“Aren’t you going to sit down?” Windu asked. His tone was a lot softer than usual when he would speak to Anakin. Windu always held a grudge with the young Jedi Knight, but maybe things were starting to change...

Anakin shook his head, “I was put on this Council by a Sith Lord, I don’t think I still qualify to be a member.”

Windu and Yoda exchanged looks.

“And after I finish telling you what I have to say,” Anakin continued, “I don’t think I still qualify to be a Jedi.”

That hit it. The statement just said by Anakin made everyone on the Council a little aroused. What had he done? What was going on?

Anakin knew there was no going back now. “Masters, I am deeply sorry for everything I am about to tell you. I am ashamed of my deception, but I also do not regret it.”

Yoda frowned, “Regret what?”

Anakin took a deep breath. He was not good at sugar-coating; he was just going to say it like it was.

“Skywalker,” Windu said, “are you sure this is something that needs to be addressed now? We need to discuss the events of last night.”

Ki-Adi Mundi nodded next to him, “That is true. Maybe you ought to tell us why you did what you did, and how you found out Palpatine was a Sith.”

Anakin sighed and nodded, “Okay, I will. It ties in very much with what I have to say to you...”

Anakin gather up his thoughts. He only had one chance to say everything, and it needed to be right. Besides, a quarter of the Council was missing. The three Masters who lost their lives to Palpatine the other night would be mourned later tonight at a Jedi funeral. Anakin’s seat was empty as well.

“Over the years, Palpatine and I had become very close.” Anakin started, “He was there for me for many rough situations in my life. But so was someone else...”

Many of the Masters frowned, confused. Obi-Wan just sat there, staring at Anakin expressionless.

“Three years ago, just after the Battle of Geonosis, I... got married.”

One could almost hear the gasps of some of the usually-composed Jedi Masters on the council.

Mace Windu’s eyes widened, all newly-acquired good opinions of Anakin quickly diminishing from his thoughts.

Master Yoda just frowned.

No one else said anything, so Anakin continued. “When I told you about my premonitions, Master Yoda, I was referring to *her*.”

Yoda made a short nod of understanding, but said nothing.

“I realized the truth about Palpatine when he addressed that issue. I never told him about her, but he somehow knew. He told me he had the power to save her.”

Anakin stopped and looked down on the floor. How could he have been so stupid and naive? What would have happened if he *actually* took Palpatine up on his offer?

“He told me the story of Darth Plagueis the Wise and told me that I could learn to save people from dying, but it was not a power I could learn from the Jedi. Later he told me *he* could even teach me this power... That was when I made the connection that he was behind everything. After that, I immediately went to Master Windu.”

Windu nodded, remembering the ordeal. However he could not shake off Anakin’s confession. “You’re married... to whom?”

Anakin looked down on the ground again, “Senator Amidala.”

If the gasps of the other Masters in the room were inaudible before, it was definitely heard now. Mace Windu stared at Anakin with his jaw slightly dropped and Master Yoda's head snapped to Anakin's direction, his eyes very wide. Yoda had always been fond of Padmé Amidala. She was one of the very few senators in the Senate that Yoda respected. This news changed everything for him. How could Padmé do such a thing? She is usually such a stickler for the rules.

There was a moment of silence before Windu spoke again, "She was pregnant, was she not?"

Anakin nodded slowly.

Windu sighed and looked over to Yoda. Yoda made no indication that he was angry or disappointed.

"I understand if you must expel me from the Order." Anakin said at last.

Windu looked back at Anakin, "The Council... is going to have to discuss this first."

Anakin gave a nod and then made a small bow. He turned around and left, not looking back.

It was very quiet in the chamber after he left.

"Very serious this situation is." Yoda said at long last.

Master Shaak Ti nodded from across the room, "Had it been any other Jedi, our option would have been clear. He would have to be expelled."

Windu pursed his lips and then looked over at Obi-Wan, "Did you know?"

Obi-Wan's expression looked tired. He shook his head, "I did not find out until I saw him at the medcenter with Senator Amidala last night. He confessed the whole thing then."

Plo Koon joined the exchange, "Anakin Skywalker is a great asset to the Jedi Order. It would be terrible to lose him. And after revealing Palpatine and destroying him, he fulfilled the prophecy. He is the Chosen One."

The Masters could not disagree on that.

"I have known Anakin for a very long time," Obi-Wan said, "he is fully devoted to being a Jedi. He did not receive the title 'Hero With No Fear' by sitting around all day. The Republic owes Anakin a lot. Anakin was active for the entire war. He saved many lives and won many battles."

Master Windu's frown deepened. Windu was always fond of Obi-Wan, despite disliking Obi-Wan's master and former Padawan. But Obi-Wan getting heated up by this issue was uncharacteristic of him. Obi-Wan always respected the rules of the Jedi Order. What was he doing?

Obi-Wan didn't cease however, "Anakin practically saved the Republic! Who knows what could have happened if Palpatine were to remain! He had too much power!"

Mundi was getting concerned with Obi-Wan's mien. He tried holding up his hands to Obi-Wan next to him, "Alright, Master Kenobi! We understand!"

Obi-Wan shook his head, “You don’t understand. Anakin’s deeds more than outweigh his flaws. If he cannot be a Jedi,” he stood up, “then neither can I.”

The Masters watched in awe as Obi-Wan made his way over to the chamber doors and exited from the room.

Windu watched the door close behind Kenobi, his mouth almost gaping wide open.

Mundi sighed, “Obi-Wan doesn’t understand yet. He is too close to Skywalker. He doesn’t see that Skywalker sometimes uses unconventional methods when approaching a situation. He feels anger and hotheaded. He also has many attachment issues.”

Windu nodded, “He gets his priorities mixed up and he can’t focus on his job or at his tasks at hand. During missions, he is unable to leave behind fellow Jedi to do his obligation.”

“You think that is bad?”

The masters turned their attention to Plo Koon.

Koon shook his head in disgust, “Outsiders always regard the Jedi as a group of unemotional droids who carry out the bidding of the Republic.” He stood up, “But that is not what we are! That is not what we are supposed to be! We are Jedi! We must have *compassion!* The Jedi love the Force and all living things!”

Windu frowned, becoming irked. “Are you saying the Jedi Order is not what is should be? What are you suggesting Master Koon?”

Plo Koon just shook his head, “I am not implying there is anything wrong with the Order, only some of its members. We have been trying to teach our Padawans that anger is of the Dark Side, that hatred is of the Dark Side, that *love* is of the Dark Side... We have raised a sect of detached beings that learn to bear no feelings. This is why many of them fail. This is why they die. I think we can all learn something from young Skywalker.”

With that being said, Plo Koon left the chamber.

Windu rubbed his temples. He looked around him. The only people left in the chamber now were Ki-Adi Mundi, Shaak Ti, Stass Allie, Coleman Kcraj, and Yoda.

“I cannot disagree with him.” Mundi said after a long silence.

The other masters looked at him.

Mundi was known for feeling empathy towards fellow Jedi. It did not surprise anyone that he agreed with Plo Koon. And it also did not surprise *anyone* that Plo Koon would say anything like this in the first place. Plo Koon always felt compassion for everyone, even the clones that followed him into battle.

However Mundi held a very distinct similarity to Anakin Skywalker that enabled him to understand the young Knight’s situation. Mundi was married as well. In his case, he was granted a rare exception of being allowed to wed. He always struggled with his situation because he was forbidden by the Jedi Code to form any personal attachments to his family. His family meant so much to him and sometimes it was difficult to prioritize the Jedi Order above them. He was never able to do anything about it though because his family all died in the Battle of Cerea during the war.

Mundi stood up. It might have been too late for him, but it wasn't too late for Anakin.

"You too, Master Mundi?" Windu asked wearily.

Mundi sighed, "I don't understand the problem. Yes, Anakin lied. That was bad. But if I was allowed to marry, why can't he? He brought children into the world, why can't we benefit from the situation by adding them on to our Order? Force knows we need it, we lost so many Jedi during this war."

Stass Allie nodded, "If those younglings develop the same Force abilities as their father, then who knows how strong our Order could grow?"

Mundi gave a nod in Allie's direction, grateful that she understood. He turned back to Masters Yoda and Windu and gave a short bow, and then left the room.

Shaak Ti shook her head, disappointed in the other Jedi that just stood up and left. Although she herself was not a huge stickler for the rules, she still respected the Council procedures. She also had a hard time comprehending the other Masters' definition of compassion. She herself was a pretty detached Jedi. True, her impassionate behavior sometimes backfired on her and caused other peoples' lives—including some of her own Padawans—but it had helped her become the wise Jedi Master she is today.

So this was the big debate in the High Council Chamber right now. Should the Jedi be allowed to love?

Everyone completely forgot about the initial purpose of today's meeting—to determine how the Republic needs to recuperate after the end of the war and the defeat of the Sith.

Master Yoda stood up and supported his weight onto his cane.

Windu looked down to him, waiting for the wise old Grand Master to make a decision.

"Meditate on this, I will." Yoda said at last.

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**Ok I updated pretty early this time because I like both of my stories to have new chapters uploaded at the same time. Thanks so much for the reviews guys! I'm so glad to see this story is doing very well! This chapter was a little different. I gave some background about some of the Council members. Don't worry, the rest of my chapters will be all Anakin/Padme from now on. And it may seem that the Order is totally falling apart right now, but don't worry! I promise everything is going to work out! Tell me what you think and I am also open to ideas! I might even create a story of random one-shots and tidbits of Luke and Leia's life while growing up together if Anakin never turned. Also check out my other story, The Apprentice, meanwhile. Until next time! :)**

## Chapter 8

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**Sorry I took forever to update this story! I became so busy and I simply had not time. I did not forget about this story at all (obviously) and I'm sad to see it end. I just want to thank everyone for all of the reviews I got! They mean so much to me!**

**I am going to write a sequel for this story-kind of like how I would imagine a teenage Luke and Leia growing up without the Empire.**

**I'm also starting a new fic soon about how Luke and Leia would grow up if the Empire DID succeed but Anakin never turned to the Dark Side.**

**Also be sure to check out my other fic about what would happen if the Empire didn't succeed and Anakin never turned, but if Luke was kidnapped by a Sith. It's called The Apprentice.**

**Thanks again for your patience! Hope you enjoy :)**

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### CHAPTER EIGHT

It was late. Padmé was growing worried, she had not heard from Anakin since earlier in the day when he left for the Temple.

She had knots in her stomach. What was the Council going to do to him?

She had been grateful, however, that her family was here. Once they set aside their qualms and suspicions about Padmé's precarious situation and secret husband, they were overjoyed with the two new additions to the family.

Her family made her go rest in her bedroom by herself. They promised her that they would take care of the children. Sola said she would sleep in Luke's room, and Jobal would sleep in Leia's room. Poor old Ruwee had to sleep by himself in the guest room.

Padmé was sitting on her bed with her legs crossed. Her comlink was right in front of her. All day, she was sitting around for that one important call that could make her day.

It finally came.

A split-second after the comlink started buzzing, Padmé activated it and a small, blue hologram of Anakin sprang up.

"Ani!" Padmé whispered, delighted. "Where are you?"

Anakin looked around, "Nowhere really. I've just been flying around Coruscant."

Padmé pouted, "Come home."

"I can't, Padmé."

"But you told the Council, right?" Padmé asked, "There's nothing to hide from anymore. I can tell my parents if you want."

Anakin shook his head, “The Council didn’t make its decision. I don’t want to risk anything.”

Padmé sulked, “I miss you.”

Anakin smiled, “I miss you more. But we’ve been apart for much longer.”

Padmé shrugged, smiling a little. “But before you didn’t have Luke and Leia missing you too.”

Anakin felt a sudden pang in his heart, “Oh, Padmé—”

Padmé shook her head guiltily, “No, I’m sorry. Forget I said that.”

Anakin sighed, “Hopefully I will have an answer by tomorrow. And I will soon come home to my family.”

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Morning came, and so did an answer. Obi-Wan called earlier and informed Anakin of a Council meeting at 0900 hours.

Anakin was bursting with anxiety; hopeful for forgiveness from the masters, however fearfully anticipating them to condemn him to a dreadful sentence of a life of solitude, apart from his family.

Anakin would not allow such a thing. He would stay with his twins even if it meant he was branded as a Galactic criminal.

Anakin made his way up to the Council chambers. After being admitted in, he stood in front of Master Yoda without a single expression on his face. He was ready to face the pending wrath of the Council.

“Your news was quite distressing yesterday.” Mace Windu stated casually. “We never had the chance to talk about the future of the Republic.”

Anakin frowned, “What do you mean?”

The masters all looked around at each other. Every single seat was filled except for four of them—the three dead Jedi were scheduled to have their funeral pyres tonight, and Anakin was not in his regular seat. He looked over to his former master. Obi-Wan sat in his seat. He seemed tense, as if he was dreadfully anticipating the decision of Master Yoda. His arms were folded. This made Anakin wonder what happened last meeting after he left.

He turned back to Yoda.

Yoda frowned and put his three fingers on his chin, as if he was contemplating hard. “Appreciate your dishonesty, the Council does not.”

Anakin made a simple nod and looked down.

“However,” Yoda began.

Anakin snapped his head up.

This was it. This moment would forever change Anakin’s life.

Master Yoda's mouth was moving, but Anakin couldn't hear a thing.

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Padmé was sitting in the living room with her family. Leia was in her arms while Luke was with Jobal. Ruwee was flipping through channels on the HoloNet News.

Sola walked into the room carrying Padmé's comlink. "Padmé, someone's comming you."

Padmé stood up and traded Leia to Sola in exchange for the comlink. She missed the call, but the caller left her a written message. It read "go upstairs."

Padmé frowned and glanced back at her family. They weren't paying attention.

She quickly went upstairs and into her room. She closed the door behind her and then felt a hand on her shoulder. She opened her mouth, about to scream, but a hand clasped over her mouth.

"It's me, relax!" Anakin chuckled.

Padmé whipped around and gave Anakin a glare, then she engulfed him in a hug.

Anakin hugged her back. "I just got back from the Council." He murmured.

Padmé lifted her head up and looked up at Anakin. She was concerned.

Anakin chuckled softly, "It's fine. Everything is fine."

Padmé let go of Anakin and gave him a look. Anakin continued, "Actually, it's more than fine. It's great. The Council agreed to our marriage."

Padmé's jaw dropped, "You're kidding!"

Anakin shook his head excitedly, "They've allowed me to remain a Jedi. In fact, I'm being promoted to a Jedi Master."

Padmé squealed and attacked Anakin in a hug once again. Anakin grabbed her cheeks with both of his hands and planted a long-overdue kiss on her lips.

The excitement of the situation was so much that Anakin let his guard down, not noticing when Padmé's entire family rushed into the room.

Anakin and Padmé pulled away quickly, embarrassed.

Her family was completely shocked.

"I can explain." Padmé said quickly.

"No," Anakin interrupted, "Let me."

Anakin explained to Padmé's family how he had to keep his relationship with Padmé a secret from everyone because of his duty as a Jedi. He explained to them that he and Padmé were married and that their children were indeed legitimate.

Padmé's family had mixed emotions. Ruwee was definitely uncomfortable with this. His youngest daughter was keeping secrets about her love life and what not.

Jobal was concerned for Padmé and the safety of her new children.

On the other hand, Sola seemed completely excited.

“So,” Sola said, grinning, “does that mean they are Luke and Leia *Skywalker*?”

Padmé smiled, “Yes.”

Ruwee and Jobal noticed Sola’s delight with the situation and then they realized that it was a happy moment indeed. Their daughter has a *family* now. She could finally start having a normal life.

It was their biggest concern for her all her life.

Anakin observed this and smiled. He knew that Padmé loved her parents, and once her parents had Anakin’s approval... Everyone could be happy.

Everyone except the twins, of course.

All of a sudden, Leia began to cry.

Anakin—who had barely seen his children since the day they were born—rushed out of the room and took his daughter from her crib. Padmé’s family followed behind and watched.

Anakin was overjoyed. The feeling of having his small young daughter in his arms was overwhelming.

Not to be outdone by his sister, Luke began crying in the next room. Padmé went to retrieve him and came back.

Ruwee and Jobal glanced at each other. They smiled and left the room, leaving the new parents alone. Sola followed them.

The two new parents stood in Leia’s room, each one of them holding a small child in their arms.

Anakin felt complete.

*The End*